



Of Universities Mediaeval and Modern

IV. DEGREES

FOR the most part, in Mediaeval Universities, the granting of degrees rested with the body of Masters. This was even true in the Student Universities, where for the most part the Students were fair-minded enough to see that this was essentially the affair of the Masters, and therefore left it in their hands. (This is not the occasion to discuss details, but, by the time Mediaeval Universities were mature, it would have been quite impossible for any Graduate to exercise the right of teaching without the acquiescence of his Masters, and it was by the Masters that the ceremony of Inception, whereby the candidate delivered a sort of inaugural lecture and thereby became an accredited teacher, was performed. The ceremonies originated as a proof of the candidate's ability to exercise in his profession. Indeed this principle was exceedingly strong and rigid. At some Universities, notably Cambridge, a degree in Glomery was given, that is to say a degree chiefly based on a training in Grammar which entitled the Graduate to teach in the Schools of Glomery, for young boys before entering the University proper. Now in the graduating ceremony for a degree in Glomery we see an example of the grasp of essentials, that faculty of facing facts, so characteristic of the Middle Ages, for the central part of the ceremony was the beating of a boy.

In later days ceremonies became formalised, and much pomp attached to them. It is to be noted that from time to time disorderly disturbances took place during Inceptions even in those days, when the majority of men believed in ceremony. There is undoubtedly in human beings something which takes pleasure in theatrical display, it is that which has produced the theatre and Church ritual. In the theatre there are, broadly, tragedy and comedy, and tragedy alone can be taken seriously. I must assume, then, that it is their patriotism toward their Soft Mother which causes modern Students to sit solemn and stolid through Convocation, though a more cruel critic might call it sheer damned hypocrisy. Personally I find such performances of the nature of comedy.

Actual degrees in the middle Ages were somewhat different from our degrees today. At first, of course, they were very vague, and a lecturer was known indiscriminately as a "Magister," "Professor," "Doctor," or even as "Dominus." These were terms of respect, and had departed from any specific differences of Classical times. The fact that "Dominus" was also applied to the Almighty gave it no specific meaning, and did not imply flattery, when addressed to an earthly superior.

In practice the degree for an Arts Course was either Master of Arts or Doctor of Philosophy, and the two were parallel. There was the Doctorate of Civil Law and the Doctorate of Decrees or Canon Law, and also the Doctorate of Divinity for Theology.

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My Discovery of Montreal

by E. F.

This article will appear in three parts, of which this is the first.

"Surely ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you."

WHEN Chesterton, that single-hearted Mediaevalist, declared that "a belief in infallibility is the first requisite of progress," he little dreamed of the responsive chord he was striking in the American capitalist and his representatives here. Chesterton and Montreal's "upper ten" may worship at different shrines; but when it comes to infallibility, not the infallibility of a person or a dogma, but in the abstract, and for its own sake, they stand for once, though unconsciously, on common ground. But here this sweet concord ends. In the application of their mutual faith, Chesterton and his arch-enemies part company. He harks back to the infallibility of the Pope; they bow down to that perfected result of human history, that "heir of all the ages," the infallible business man.

Here is an anchor for the soul: the long-sought philosophy with its roots deep in the Age of "Faith," yet adap-

The Virtue of Boot-Cleaning

Professor Basil Williams

BOOTS, boots, boots! How they are interwoven with history, and legend too. Who does not remember the fascination of Puss in Boots or of those magic Seven League Boots of romance? Or to come down to historical times, boots to the Greeks were of so much account that the Tragic & Comic Muses were familiarly known by the boots specially affected by their interpreters on the stage. The Romans followed suit; nay more, they have handed down to history one of their twelve Caesars, one thought worthy of semi-divine honours by his contemporaries, under the name of Caligula, as a record of the boots he was accustomed to wear. What, again, is the buskin, in which our "buskin'd bards" took pride, but a boot? And what more noble tribute to the boot could our ancestors have contrived than to recall by them the glorious victories of ourselves and our allies and the names of the great commanders who inspired these victories? What for example, would Jos Sedley have been without his Hessians to continue his well-fitting buck-

boots, you must clean them yourself or get somebody else to clean them for you.

Here in Canada we generally clean our own boots;—and a very good thing too; though I must admit I did not always think so. I remember when I was first coming out to Canada an American friend solemnly warned me:—"One thing you will have to make up your mind to; and that is that, unless you go to a shoe-shine parlour every day, you will always have to clean your own boots; everybody does it on our side;" and he emphasized his meaning by relating to me the gruesome tale of a travelling English professor, who neither knew that he ought to clean his boots, nor did so; but religiously put them outside his door every night, and took them in again next morning—fouler and fouler every day.

Now I had cleaned boots before, to say nothing of stirrup leathers, saddles, bits and stirrup-irons; and I knew that the job took time and energy. But that had been while campaigning, and chiefly in camp, when there was little else to do save disseminate camp rumours of one's own and digest those disseminated by others. Now, I confess, I looked down the long vista of daily boot-cleanings, while engaged on the stubborn task of making clear to others my own limited views on history, as a formidable prospect.

Three years of boot-cleaning have now elapsed, and I am bound to say that my opinion of this pursuit has entirely changed. In fact I now regard it as a very necessary part of any historian's equipment.

To derive full enjoyment and profit from the operation, the wise man waits until he has collected several pairs, and can then fling himself into a perfect orgy of boot-cleaning. This orgy has rare qualities.

In the first place it gives a certain amount of exercise, exercise most healthful to the student or professor buried for a large part of the day in his books. For your polishing at least is no child's play, I warrant you, and no self-respecting man will go abroad in boots of his own cleaning without that honest polish.

Secondly a successful bout of it awakens spiritual pride; no mean pleasure; and with justice. It is not so much the pleasure of seeing your own face reflected in a worthily polished boot, though that in itself is not to be treated lightly; it is still more the joy of achieving something which is not in your ordinary line of business. For you will often find that a man takes far more pride in his trivial hobbies—his by-products you might term them,—than in the main occupation of life. Tell a poet that you admired his last round of golf, and he will be prouder than if you have read with delight or even gone to the length of buying a volume of his poems. Admire the sketches that a great banker makes in his snatched moments of leisure, and he will be more grateful to you than if you praised his skilful operation of a great financial stroke Louis XVI, perhaps rightly, esteemed his skill in carpentry at a higher value than his state craft, while Diocletian and Charles V, rulers of half the world.

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Requiescant

DOWN beside the swaying pine-trees,
Just above the sea,
There they lie in quiet slumber
Who were once as we.

Branches green above them rocking
Murmur mournfully;
Heavy waves below them breaking
Echo fitfully.

No one understands the burden
That the pine-trees sing,
And the thunder of the sea-waves
Is a solemn thing.

But the men who sleep in quiet
Do not hear the sound:
Nothing breaks the perfect stillness
Of their rest profound.

And the pine-trees sway forever,
Down beside the sea,
Where the waves in mournful cadence
Break eternally.

CORINNA.

ted to the needs of modern life of which it is the product. This is the fountain of progress.

But like most great systems of knowledge, it has been of slow and unconscious growth; and Montreal's material greatness has overshadowed her intellectual pre-eminence. Hence Philosophical Industrialism still awaits full expression, and the cordial appreciation which is its due. That task is for other hands. The aim of this essay is to serve rather as a brief introduction to the subject, making use, wherever possible, of existing fragments by recognized authorities. In this connection my thanks are due to the Montreal "Star," and "Standard," whose files have been of great value, and to my many friends in the metropolis, from whom I have ventured to quote freely.

Philosophical Industrialism opens a new era in human knowledge. Differing radically from all previous systems

skins? And perhaps even the two heroes of Waterloo owe something of their fame to the fact that long afterwards every self-respecting man had a pair of Bluchers and a pair of Wellingtons in his boot-cupboard. Even today where would Charlie Chaplin be without his boots?

No, it cannot be denied that there is a something about boots which lifts them up from the rest of a man's wardrobe, from his hats, his small-clothes or even a laced and ruffled coat.

And can we be proud of our boots unless they are cleaned? There, therefore, can be nothing degrading about the operation; and if we must fortify ourselves by authority from literature, we may remember that Mr. Pickwick would never have discovered the treasure he found in Sam Weller, had he not come upon him at the White Hart Inn in Southwark, busy cleaning "eleven pairs of boots; and one shoe as b'longs to number six, with the wooden leg." In fact, if you have

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Canadian Book Week

ALL who are interested in books and in the literature of our own country are aware that the fourth annual Canadian Authors' Book Week is now running his course. Canadian authors meeting in solemn conclave have again decided that it will be to the interest of Canadian literature—and incidentally of themselves—to inaugurate another pre-Christmas drive to boost the home product. The co-operation of the booksellers has been secured, and advertisements are urging us to support home literature by "giving Canadian books this Xmas." In the book department on the mezzanine floor of one of our large department stores would-be popular authors are haranguing the curious mob on the merits of the literature turned out by their fellow members of the Canadian Authors' Association. The newspapers have rallied nobly to the cause, the libraries are with us, and it looks as if a "boost-Canadian-literature" campaign under efficient business organization would once more go over the top with considerable pep.

Now in spite of the sympathy we may feel for the aims of the Canadian Authors' Association, and however much we may wish to encourage the hope of a Dominion wide literary renaissance, we doubt whether the systematic commercial boosting of Canadian books such as is being undertaken this week will be of any real value in stimulating the growth of our country's art or in fostering a great literature. Indeed, it may be quite reasonably contended that such an attempt to artificially force the rare plant of literature will prove positively harmful and degrading.

The public is reproached for not buying Canadian books. But is one to buy a book merely because it is the work of a Canadian, when, as has so far most often been the case, it is not so good as the work of English and American writers? Public neglect of Canadian books is due for the most part to their evident inferiority; and, after all, it is not so much Canadian books that we should like to see the public buy, as good books.

When a Canadian author possessed of imagination and ability appears he does not have to beg for recognition. The early poems of Bliss Carman, Cyrus Macmillan's *Wonder Tales*, Stephen Leacock at his best, the poetry and short stories of the late Marjorie Pickthall—these stand in no need of advertised propaganda. Let one work of genius come out of Canada, as "Maria Chappelaine" did, and it will find readers wherever English or French is spoken.

And lastly, the chief reasons why Canadian authors are not supported here as they are in the United States are reasons that will not be changed by as many as fifty-two Canadian Book Weeks in a year. The first is that we have a population, and hence a reading public, that is insignificant in comparison to that of the States. And the second is that Canadian writers are not yet good enough. Moreover they will never be able to create a literature worthy of this country as long as they keep one eye on the money bags. A little less talking, and a little more sincere writing every week of the year is what we want in place of an annual Book Week.

The Sunday Musicales

AFTER a lapse of scarcely three weeks since the Burke recital the music club announces another interesting musical event. This is a musicale, which will take place on Sunday afternoon, December the fourteenth. This event will be followed by a series of similar ones in the second term; an ambitious programme for so young a Society.

At these musicales, the Club will be at home to its fellow Students, who will all be welcome. They are urged to bring their friends. The first recital will consist of instrumental and vocal solos, of a type that will appeal to every student in the University. The vocal solos will be given by a guest artist, because no members of the Club have professed a talent for singing, but the performer is said to be among the foremost vocalists in the city.

By helping this small body, we will encourage it to expand and take its place among the musical organizations of other Universities.

Note

WE have received several anonymous contributions, and would like to remind contributors that they must put their name and year (not necessarily for publication) on all manuscripts submitted.

Discovery of Montreal

(Continued from Page One)

in having quite outgrown the silly superstition of thinking, it has found the "royal road" not to learning, but to that higher knowledge which learning serves only to obscure. The business man does not need to think, he knows. Untrammelled, moreover, by the curious ancient delusion of consistency, he is free from the boredom of even knowing coherently. To such a philosophy all things are possible, all avenues are open—"all thoughts, all passions, all delights, whatever fills this mortal frame."

The rejection of these pathetic fallacies is more than simple pedantry. It is fundamental. Philosophical Industrialism is intensely practical. It never for a moment loses touch with the facts of everyday life, and herein lies one of the secrets of its success. "What's wrong with the world?" is the great question of our day. The older philosophers are hopelessly at variance where they answer at all. The Philosophical Industrialist, with characteristic energy, decision, and finality, at once says: "Theories. This is the principle of evil, the source of all our troubles, and against it we must wage relentless war." The ideal is a theoriless world, a world made safe for the business man. Unfortunately this is impossible if the vicious

thousand doubly powerful forms. These are the special enemies of Philosophical Industrialism. For the older ideas, such as "Laissez-faire"—it keeps a sentimental kindness, even condescending to use them. Perhaps it would not "break the butterfly upon the wheel." But with the rest there can be no truce. In the words of one of its critics, Montreal "looks upon new ideas as positively immoral."

Under the circumstances, Socialism and kindred manias get very roughly handled. For Socialism is one and indivisible, and Marxian Communism, though gray-headed, has lately undergone a strenuous rejuvenation in Russia. Lenin is the terror of the nursery. "Bolshevik" is a name to conjure with. In the vocabulary of Montreal it leaps the barriers of place and time to become a universal title. It has nearly silenced those who doubt that our social order, in every part, is eternal, perfect, and divinely established.

But the business man has other arrows in his quiver. He glances at the title (he need read no farther) of Ramsay MacDonald's article: "Why Socialism Must Come." "Oh! yes! Because I want it. Everything must be divided up equally. If we did that to-morrow it would all be upset in a week's time." The simplicity and directness, the naked grandeur, of this unanswerable reply! None of your arguing or reasoning; only plain, downright, common sense: This is what has made us what we are!

Surely here if anywhere is proof absolute. But to satisfy the most exacting, the Philosophical Industrialist proceeds to Farmer Dobson's masterly refutation of Socialism. Says that worthy (in Tennyson's "Promise of May"): "And he calls out among our oar men, 'The land belongs to the people.'" Dora: "And what did you say to that?" Dobson: "Well, I says, s'pose my pig's the land, and you says it belongs to the parish, and theer be a thousand i' the parish, taakin' in the women and childer; and s'pose I kills my pig, and gies it among 'em; why there wudn't be a dinner for nawbody, and I should ha' lost the pig." It is a sad commentary on human nature that even after this there are still those who will challenge the sacred dogma of private enterprise.

(To be Continued)

"I AM IN LOVE WITH HIGH FAR-SEEING PLACES"

I am in love with high far-seeing places
That look on plains half-sunlight and half-storm,
In love with hours when from the circling faces
Veils pass, and laughing fellowship glows warm.
You who look on me with grave eyes where rapture
And April love of living burn confessed—
The Gods are good! the world lies free to capture!
Life has no walls. Oh, take me to your breast!
Take me—be with me for a moment's span!

I am in love with all unveiled faces.
I seek the wonder at the heart of man;
I would go up to the far-seeing places.
While youth is ours, turn toward me for a space
The marvel of your rapture-lighted face.

—Arthur Davidson Ficke

In Dream

I saw a man walking
On a rain swept hill,

I heard a man talking
In a ruined mill—

But where the one was going,
And what the other said

Are more than I'll be knowing,
When I waken in my bed.

—J. G.

practice of thought is to be tolerated. Where the mind is allowed to work, an "idea" or "theory" of some kind is inevitable; and faced with the havoc wrought by thinkers in all ages, we must ruthlessly forbid a once cherished pastime.

The battle is titanic; for the theorist, like the poor, is always with us, and the theory is hydra-headed. Demolished once, it reappears in a

THE COUNTRY BEDROOM

MY room's a square and candle-lighted boat,
In the surrounding depths of night afloat.
My windows are the portholes, and the seas
The sound of rain on the dark apple trees.
Sea monster-like beneath, an old horse blows
A snort of darkness from his sleeping nose.
Below, among drowned daisies, far off, hark!
Far off one owl amidst the waves of dark.

—Frances Cornford

MADRIGAL

MY Love in her attire doth shew her wit,
It doth so well become her;
For every season she hath dressings fit,
For Winter, Spring and Summer.
No beauty she doth miss
When all her robes are on;
But Beauty's self she is
When all her robes are gone.
—Davison's Poetical Rhapsody, 1602.

Genius of Gemier Seen at His Majesty's in Moliere Comedy

MURMIN GEMIER and the company from the famous Theatre National de l'Odeon of France opened their Montreal engagement Monday night with an excellent performance of Moliere's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme." The choice was a fortunate one. The play does not call for the kind of emotional acting for which these great artists are justly famous, but it does demand a fine sense of humour and a rollicking good nature, of which they had an abundance. The audience may not have gone home greatly moved or impressed, but it went home very happy, which is just (or almost) as important.

"Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" is an old favourite with most Frenchmen, as well as with most non-Frenchmen who have passed the stage of Freshman French at any well-regulated university. The audience received all the ancient witticisms with the joy of recognition, and hailed the successive scenes as old friends and former boon companions. Monsieur Jourdain's epoch-making discovery justly famous in all corners of the earth, that he had been talking prose for forty years without knowing it, could not have been more hilariously received if it had been heard for the first time.

But there was much more than Moliere in Monday night's production. There was the genius of Gemier, which not only brought out all there was meant to be in the play, but added and interpreted and rearranged so that the result might be as delightful as possible. There was the fine understanding of all the members of the cast of the rich comedy material which they were handling. There was an evident joy in making the most out of every scene and situation, in throwing seriousness and sobriety to the winds for at least one evening, and in joining with the audience in its hearty enjoyment of the old masterpiece.

The play itself is too well-known to require much comment. Like all of Moliere's comedies, it was not written merely for the fun of the thing, but to point a moral. Moliere evidently believed in the function of laughter as a social corrective, as at once a criticism and a condemnation of certain follies and weaknesses to which human flesh is heir.

He was always laughing at the world, at its misers, its misanthropes, its social climbers; rarely with them. There is a seriousness underlying his every joke. But the joy of it is that if we fail to spot the seriousness (as many of us will), and neglect the moral (as all of us do), we can still get so much real pleasure out of what he has to offer us.

In this play, Moliere has picked for his target the social climber, the nouveau-riche merchant who apes the manners and customs of the "gens de qualite" and who looks forward to an alliance with a noble family. Incidentally there are gibes at the expense of the professors of the gentler arts (of dancing, music and philosophy and the not so gentle art of bearing arms). There is a ridicule of the airs and graces of the pseudo-nobility, of the current conception of gentlemanliness and honour.

Gemier plays the title-role, naturally, and proves himself a comedian of exceptional skill and cleverness. If his reputation in more serious parts is deserved, his versatility must be remarkable. He gives a striking interpretation of Jourdain, with a full appreciation of all the comedy values which have made the character famous for many generations. He gets

a double share of the honours, as he is also responsible for the direction of the performance, which runs smoothly and effectively from beginning to end.

The rest of the company gives him admirable support. M. Alfred Pasquali is brilliant as the Maître de Philosophie who discourses in prose and verse, and teaches his interested pupil the hidden secrets of vowel pronunciation. M. Donnio as Covielle, and Mme. Lucienne Parizet as Nicole deserve special praise. Mme. Charlotte Clasis as Jourdain's very critical wife seems rather to take her part too seriously, without sufficient regard for its significance as comedy. There is some fine singing and some fair dancing during the performance, while the Turkish ceremony, in which Jourdain receives the specious title of Mamamouchi, is a riot of fun.

"Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" will be repeated this afternoon and Saturday evening. "Le Procureur Hallers," a sort of Jekyll and Hyde play, will be given to-night and Saturday matinee. Thursday night, there will be a French version of "The Taming of the Shrew," with Gemier as Petruchio. Friday night, "Le Marchand de Venise" with Gemier as Shylock. Any one of these performances is sure to be well worth seeing.

—O. K.

Pavlova Still Incomparable

I refuse to believe that Pavlova has made her farewell tour, all the press agents to the contrary notwithstanding. In the first place, we all know what farewell tours are, and how many of them great artists are prone to make before they are really to be taken seriously. And in the second place, Pavlova is so unmistakably at the height of her career, with so clear a title to all the laurels that an admiring world can offer her, that it would be difficult, if not impossible, for her really to say good-bye at this moment. If the impossible has happened, and we have indeed seen the last of her, we can at least thank our very lucky stars that we did not miss her last triumph.

The "Don Quixote" ballet, with which the Montreal engagement opened on Thursday night, is a delight. The dancing is of unfailing beauty and interest, the pantomimic interpretations are skilful and clear, and the musical score (by Minkus) forms a perfect setting.

The ballet is in a prologue and two acts. It opens in a room in Don Quixote's house, where the impractical, dreaming knight (M. Domoslawski) and his faithful Sancho Panza (M. Markowski) buckle on their armour and set out in quest of strange and stirring adventures. Don Quixote does his first noble deed in the public market place in Barcelona, uniting two lovers who are separated by the iron will of an angry father. Incidentally, this act is productive of some delicious fooling with Sancho Panza as its centre, and of some beautiful dancing by Pavlova and by Hilda Butsova, who deserves a fair share of the honours.

The climax comes in the second act, in which the adventurers reach the enchanted Forest. Here a lovely Cupid (Butsova) leads her fairy followers in a dance that cannot be much less beautiful than Fairyland itself. Here Don Quixote crosses swords with the brave Knight of the Silver Shield (Laurent Novikoff) by whom he is bested. And here the fair Dul-

The Realm of Music Huberman

THERE were many people who did not attend Huberman's recital last Sunday solely because they had never heard of him before and assumed that he was therefore only a second rate violinist. On the contrary Mr. Huberman is a great artist. He is acclaimed, as such in Europe and in the States. It speaks little for the musical education of the Montreal public that they know so little about Who's who in the international world of music.

A scant audience and many late comers tended to upset Mr. Huberman in his first number, the Cesar Franck Sonata. Yet though lacking in feeling the artist gave a startling rendition of this difficult composition.

Mr. Huberman's fame for his playing of Bach had reached our ears and we were not disappointed in the remarkable interpretation which he gave of the Bach Prelude and Fugue in G. minor. It was simply and exquisitely played and roused the audience to the greatest enthusiasm. As an encore he played a Bach Gavotte.

The Tchaikowsky Concerto was magnificent. Huberman made Heavenly music out of it. One could not say which movement was the more delightful. All were perfect.

The last group began with two waltzes of Chopin arranged by Mr. Huberman himself for violin and piano. The first, op. 64 No. 2, was scintillating spark-like music, remarkably played. The second, op. 70, No. 1, was equally well done.

Two dashing Spanish dances by Sarasate followed. Huberman put his whole heart into the playing of the Romanza andaluz, the first, and gave a brilliant interpretation of the Jota navarra, the second. As encores he played Rondo des lutins and Schubert's "Ave Maria."

Mr. Schultze, the accompanist deserves especial credit for his more than commendable performance. Not once did he detract from Mr. Huberman's playing, as it is so easy to do in the style of programme which the artist had chosen.

It is unfortunate that Montrealers seem to be unable to attend concerts on time. Mr. Huberman's recital was nearly ruined by late arrivals. He took the right stand, however, when he announced that if there was any more ushering while he was playing he would refuse to continue.

If the local managers are afraid to discipline the public it is time the artists themselves insisted on the proper arrangement being made to usher the tardy into their seats.

—W. S.

cinea (Pavlova), the beautiful lady of whom he has dreamed, ties her scarf around him and makes him her Knight.

The Divertissements with which the Pavlova productions invariably end were of the usual high order. There was on Thursday night a bizarre Chinese dance of Tchaikowsky's by Miss Rogers and M. Winter, a dainty interpretation of the Paderewski minuet by Butsova and M. Vajinski, a delightful Strauss Pastorale by Miss Stuart and Oliveroff, a lively Glinka Mazurka, a repetition of the favourite Dance of the Hours, and, far from least, the Swan Dance, for which Heaven be praised. That alone (I have seen it eight times) is always worth going miles to see. No Swan could have lived or died more gracefully.

No! I refuse to believe that Pavlova has made her farewell tour.

—O.K.

Princess Show Not up to Par

I SUPPOSE that the series of three or four excellent shows at the Princess that came to an end about three weeks ago is responsible for the very marked drop below the average in the shows of the last two weeks. Certainly the current bill at the vaudeville house is not up to the mark. The only completely pleasing act was that in which Herman Timberg entertained with his droll foolery, clever steps and original type of humour. He was ably assisted by Sammy Timberg who entered well into the spirit of the comedy, and did some potent work on the piano. One of the headline acts is "Mr. Richard Kean, the Distinguished Legitimate Actor in Characters from Famous Plays." Mr. Kean is a typical example of the broken down ham actor donning a black coat and assuming a mournful and supposedly tragic air while he mumbles lines from Shakespeare or from some crude melodrama with equal lack of good taste. Shakespeare turns in his grave twice daily this week when Mr. Kean stoops down at the back of the stage to don a red robe and a crucifix, which transform him from "an old bachelor" to "Cardinal Wolsey." "Farewell," he mumbles hoarsely; "a long farewell to all ME greatness." His characterization of an old miser consists principally in picking fleas off himself, which is better than mispronouncing the classics, and at least is mildly amusing to lovers of low comedy. Just as one had decided that Cecil Mason, of Mason and Shaw, is the most obnoxious male in existence, he takes off his hat, lets his hair down, and shows you he is a girl. After that the act livens up a bit, the most amusing touch being jazzy Miss Shaw's singing of a pathetic come-to-Mother-my wandering-boy type of song. Charles and Madeline Dunbar, in "Animal Scandals" offer an animal imitation act that has some good moments, though I saw the thing done better at Loew's not so very long ago. "The Rebellion," called a satire on the present craze for syncope, is very good while the jazz band featured in the act is playing, but the orchestra is too often interrupted by an absurd old man with long hair and a deep voice called Public Opinion—though I suspect it was only Mr. Kean in another of his character sketches. This old fellow wanted to shoot the members of the orchestra and two lightly clad girls who were dancing for them. Of course, probably a great number of people would have considered this a good thing, but here I must differ. The other acts are adequate, but the show lacked the one or two really good performances that we have the right to expect from every vaudeville bill.

—A. J. M. S.

A DEVOUT LOVER

I HAVE a mistress, for perfection rare
In every eye, but in my thoughts most fair.
Like tapers on the altar shine her eyes;
Her breath is the perfume of sacrifice;
And whereso'er my fancy would begin,
Still her perfection lets religion in.
We sit and talk, and kiss away the hours
As chaste as the morning dews kiss flowers:
I touch her, like my beads, with devout care,
And come unto my courtship as my prayer.

—Thomas Randolph

Impressions After Summer

It is late afternoon, with a declining sun casting long shadows on the grass. For eight hours we have tramped the roads and the trails and at the end of this, our twenty-fifth mile, we are tired, completely tired. Blankets and packs are thrown off our shoulders and they tumble to earth as if they too want a rest. The fire is lighted; the odour of sizzling things pervades the air; and the spring water, once cool but now entrapped within a kettle, begins to boil as if in eternal torment.

Shadows lengthen. Wherever we look there are valleys, rolling slopes, and jutting peaks. On the top of the world everything is bathed in light but the glorious intermingling colours of a mountain sunset soon pass away and the world is covered by the blackness which was first of the valleys only but is now of all things. The pale evening star has become as a lone candle in a dark room; but as we, putting our watches and coins into discarded boots, roll between blankets, a thousand more candles are being lighted by Nature's hand.

Silence. The cold air sweeps down from the north. Leaves sing a soft song. And night has come.

It is night once again. But now the moon, the greatest lamp of the sky, hangs overhead, supreme in its glory and grandeur as when Cyrano de Bergerac went forth into the night sword in hand and courage in heart. We pass through valleys which are dark in the shadows of towering mountains. We climb to the tops of hills covered with that indescribably soft glow of moonlight. We see around us a country of silver, blotched with patches of the grimmest darkness. We gaze at

"Silver fruit upon silver trees,"

while

"A harvest mouse goes scampering by
With silver claws and silver eye;
And moveless fish in the waters gleam,

By silver reeds in a silver stream."

Down in the lowlands we spy unmapped and uncharted lakes—fairly lakes of rolling mists, with their surface shimmering with light. Waves roll silently upon their ever changing shores and no boats sail to and fro, save elfin craft with elfin crews. And descending we pass beneath the surfaces of these lakes like Endymion did, or like the mermen of whom we read in our nursery days.

Then at last we hear the splashing of real waters upon the rocks of a mountain 'lac' and we know the day's march is at an end. A pin-point fire is lighted on the beach; blankets are spread; glistening bodies cut through clear waters, in which are reflected a thousand fires of heaven; and soon afterwards, despite the many convolutions of the earth's surface, sleep comes to us, lying in the sand under a canopy of black, and gold, and silver.

A soft glow first appears in the east. Then the mountain tops are capped with a burning red, which grows ever fiercer as the approaching day pushes back the coverings of night. Far overhead the cry of a hunting hawk breaks the stillness of morning. A flock of duck which through the atmosphere, heading for the marshes. Three loons, laughing like fools, play on and under the surface of the lake, till finally, like powerful sea-planes, they speed over the top of the waters and away, calling their weird cries. Hidden fish, in search of breakfast, make mystic rings on the lake, while a light south wind drives playful wavelettes to-

The Virtue of Boot-Cleaning

(continued from page one)

willingly laid down the burdens of empire to plant cabbages and make clocks. So it will be with the boot-cleaning of a man whose main walk in life is not in a shoe-shine parlour.

But I hold that its chief merit, especially to the man immersed in books, is that it gives him an appreciable time for quiet reflection. While you are boot-cleaning you do not have to think much of what you are doing. After some practice in the art, it becomes almost instinctive. Brushing off, laying on the "Nugget" or the "Wren", and then the mad exhilaration of the final polish; you could almost do it in your sleep. And so you naturally tend to that roving mood of reflectiveness, which is so rare in our hurried lives, so pleasurable and so revivifying. It is a time when your mind is not at a strain, and so rambles along the fields of memory, not resting too long on one spot, but picking out here and there delights in your past life, delight in noble books or loved pictures; and making them for the moment live once again. Or you may plan schemes for the future, not hard and clear-cut schemes, but half-dreams which you may afterwards meet weaving themselves into your daily life and helping to make it less the slave of routine to make it sweeter. Or you may think suddenly of some fruitful idea, something that will give vigour and spirit to your writing or your lecturing or whatever your ordinary business may be, some errant fancy, perhaps, which will help to glorify your work, and which you would not catch in more studied moments. It is well for the mind, no less than for the individual, to be left sometimes to ramble, lazily if you will, but at least in an unorganized and undisciplined way. And I am prepared to maintain against all-comers that for that kind of rambling nothing gives a better scope than your necessary boot-cleaning.

Canada, to my thinking, is fortunate in still providing such oases in the daily strenuous life oases for reflection, of which I merely single out the subject of this paper as one of many such halting grounds for the mind. A country which is still young and simple enough in its ways to require its men and women to be brought directly into contact with some of the labours on which civilized life depends, instead of having them all borne vicariously by special classes,—that country is, in that respect, fortunate. The subject I have chosen is a trifling one, may be. You must of course go to the country parts of Canada to find the most satisfying examples of what I mean, examples of the men who have leanings to the reflective life and yet find it necessary to do a certain amount of humdrum manual work. Louis Hemon was able to write the greatest book yet produced on the habitants because, for the time, he made himself one of them, and worked at his Maria Chapdelaine in the intervals of driving cows off the garden and such like tasks. But generally the time needed for the manual work is still disproportionate in extent to the time devoted wholly to reflection and spiritual creation. But that will not always be so. The

wards the land.

And on the beach the hum of mosquitoes, and the biting of black flies keep six campers awake. All nature is alive, as the sun, from the cup of the mountain tops, pours its light on to the world.

—LAWRENCE WRIGHT.

Of Universities

(Continued from Page One)

Degrees were intimately connected with the relation of Universities to the Church, about which I shall have more to say when discussing everyday life in Universities. Originally the prestige of certain "Studia" had caused the universal acceptance of teachers armed with their degrees or licenses. When the Popes had definitely incorporated Universities as a part of the ecclesiastical system, they also regulated which Studia should be considered as Universities, and gave them the right to call themselves "Studia Generalia" their degrees conferring the "jus ubique docendi," the right of teaching everywhere. In Mediaeval Europe, which was, among the higher orders, one unity this right was quite valid and any "studium generale" was compelled to accept the degree of another. When Europe gradually split up with the rise of nationalism, and the universities gradually lost their connection with the Papacy and instead came under princely authority, the right likewise became restricted to the national realm. But the fact remains that certain old and famous universities to this day retain their prestige and their degrees still confer an unofficial "jus ubique docendi". The shadow of cosmopolitanism still clings to Universities.

It was customary, as still in some Universities, for senior Students to assist their Masters and perhaps give after-hours discussions on certain controversial topics. This very natural practice is the origin of the Bachelor's degree. When it first became stereotyped it was known as "determination," being the "putting an end to absolute novitancy." At Oxford it tended to be put later and later in the Academic career until at last it became the final degree, and the M. A. became an expensive honorary function, a condition, which survives at Oxford and Cambridge today. In other places as a rule the reverse was the case and it tended to become the equivalent of Matriculation.

A Mediaeval Degree had no more face value than its modern counterpart. "Pass-men" today are a contemptible product of our Universities and in the Middle Ages there were plenty of "Pass-men." In the first place there were as a rule no written examinations, and much of the enquiry was by the aid of oaths: one may reasonably assume some considerable measure of perjury. But most serious were the "dispensations." The Church itself had set this bad example: since it had made a corner in the individual conscience and had thus acquired theoretically exclusive knowledge of good and evil, it proceeded to make a good thing out of the investment. Minute specifications of sin were contained

period is approaching when the manual labour for thinkers will not be too exclusive and absorbing to interfere with the best results from their spiritual activities. For I have little doubt that there will some day arise from the country-side of Canada a brain-worker, who has still to do his wood-chopping, his water-drawing, his roof-mending, aye, and his boot-cleaning, and who will find that those very operations will insensibly stimulate him to write the great poem of Canada or paint her great pictures, the man for whom Canada is waiting to crown her great achievements in the practical life.

Yes, indeed, there is much virtue in boot-cleaning.

—Basil Williams

Giacomo Puccini

Puccini is dead and with his passing one of the most unique figures in the realm of music is gone. The death of Giacomo Puccini means much to music lovers everywhere, for not only does his charming "Madame Butterfly" hold a firm place in the opera world but his other serious efforts, "La Tosca" and "La Bohème" have already taken a permanent place among the famous operas of the world. And Puccini is among the few great composers who lived to see his work take root everywhere.

Hissed and hooted as was the first performance of what is probably his most famous opera "Madame Butterfly" the world gradually came to recognize the vigorous musicianly qualities of the man and at his death he stood as one of the foremost composers of opera at the present time. In "Tosca" we see the genius of Puccini at its best perhaps, for it took a man of his powers to render into sweet music the sordid libretto with its tale of crime and murder.

Puccini's one venture with an American theme, Belasco's "Girl of the Golden West" was not quite the success that he had anticipated and after all it is in the Oriental world, in Japan, with its picturesque, colorful life that he found his real inspiration and moulded it into that exquisite gem in which Geraldine Farrar has made one of her most successful roles. I believe that when his other works have been forgotten "Madame Butterfly" will remain as Puccini's great contribution to the operatic stage.

Those who saw in the composer a slowly-maturing musician, who, as Verdi, was with the passage of the years surpassing his own earlier efforts, will indeed mourn his loss, for at the age of 66 death has robbed the world of one of the few men it could not afford to lose.

—L. Edel

ART and Literature are, after all, and there is little use denying it, the last refuge and sanctuary, in a world ruled by machinery and sentiment, of the free, wild, reckless, irresponsible, anarchical imagination of such as refuse to sacrifice their own dreams for the dreams—not less illusive—of the general herd. We have to face the fact—bitter and melancholy though it may be—that in our great bourgeois-dominated democracies the majority of people would like to trample out the flame of genius altogether; trample it out as something inimical to their peace.

—John Cooper Powys

in Canon Law, and equally minute requirements for salvation. But here came the catch. Each sin and each requirement had its price. In earlier days price was in kind, viz. penance, which was usually sufficiently unpleasant, but pecuniary penance came in with Church decadence, and one might be "dispensed" of every conceivable thing for its money value. The Universities copied the idea and requirements of attendance at lectures etc., were often dispensed for a money equivalent.

Today we no longer do that, but we still confer degrees upon men who know 40 percent of their subject, and I feel it would be a little more honest if we were admittedly open to plain bribes instead of reversing the position and offering as a bribe a forty percent pass which merely results in diluting the intrinsic value of degrees, earned by hard work and intelligence.

—Vespasiano

(To be concluded)



Of Universities Mediaeval and Modern

IV. DEGREES

FOR the most part, in Mediaeval Universities, the granting of degrees rested with the body of Masters. This was even true in the Student Universities, where for the most part the Students were fair-minded enough to see that this was essentially the affair of the Masters, and therefore left it in their hands. This is not the occasion to discuss details, but, by the time Mediaeval Universities were mature, it would have been quite impossible for any Graduate to exercise the right of teaching without the acquiescence of his Masters, and it was by the Masters that the ceremony of Inception, whereby the candidate delivered a sort of inaugural lecture and thereby became an accredited teacher, was performed. The ceremonies originated as a proof of the candidate's ability to exercise in his profession. Indeed this principle was exceedingly strong and rigid. At some Universities, notably Cambridge, a degree in Glomery was given, that is to say a degree chiefly based on a training in Grammar which entitled the Graduate to teach in the Schools of Glomery, for young boys before entering the University proper. Now in the graduating ceremony for a degree in Glomery we see an example of the grasp of essentials, that faculty of facing facts, so characteristic of the Middle Ages, for the central part of the ceremony was the beating of a boy.

In later days ceremonies became formalised, and much pomp attached to them. It is to be noted that from time to time disorderly disturbances took place during Inceptions even in those days when the majority of men believed in ceremony. There is undoubtedly in human beings something which takes pleasure in theatrical display, it is that which has produced the theatre and Church ritual. In the theatre there are, broadly, tragedy and comedy, and tragedy alone can be taken seriously. I must assume, then, that it is their patriotism toward their Soft Mother which causes modern Students to sit solemn and stolid through Convocation, though a more cruel critic might call it sheer damned hypocrisy. Personally I find such performances of the nature of comedy.

Actual degrees in the middle Ages were somewhat different from our degrees today. At first, of course, they were very vague, and a lecturer was known indiscriminately as a "Magister," "Professor," "Doctor," or even as "Dominus." These were terms of respect, and had departed from any specific differences of Classical times. The fact that "Dominus" was also applied to the Almighty gave it no specific meaning, and did not imply flattery, when addressed to an earthly superior.

In practice the degree for an Arts Course was either Master of Arts or Doctor of Philosophy, and the two were parallel. There was the Doctorate of Civil Law and the Doctorate of Degrees of Canon Law, and also the Doctorate of Divinity for Theology.

(Continued on Page Four)

My Discovery of Montreal

by E. F.

This article will appear in three parts, of which this is the first.

"Surely ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you."

WHEN Chesterton, that single-hearted Mediaevalist, declared that "a belief in infallibility is the first requisite of progress," he little dreamed of the responsive chord he was striking in the American capitalist, and his representatives here. Chesterton and Montreal's "upper ten" may worship at different shrines; but when it comes to infallibility, not the infallibility of a person or a dogma, but in the abstract, and for its own sake, they stand for once, though unconsciously, on common ground. But here this sweet concord ends. In the application of their mutual faith, Chesterton and his arch-enemies part company. He harks back to the infallibility of the Pope; they bow down to that perfected result of human history, that "heir of all the ages," the infallible business man.

Here is an anchor for the soul: the long-sought philosophy with its roots deep in the Age of "Faith" yet adap-

Requiescunt

DOWN beside the swaying pine-trees,
Just above the sea,
There they lie in quiet slumber
Who were once as we.

Branches green above them rocking
Murmur mournfully;
Heavy waves below them breaking
Echo fitfully.

No one understands the burden
That the pine-trees sing,
And the thunder of the sea-waves
Is a solemn thing.

But the men who sleep in quiet
Do not hear the sound:
Nothing breaks the perfect stillness
Of their rest profound.

And the pine-trees sway forever,
Down beside the sea,
Where the waves in mournful cadence
Break eternally.

CORINNA.

ted to the needs of modern life of which it is the product. This is the fountain of progress.

But like most great systems of knowledge, it has been of slow and unconscious growth; and Montreal's material greatness has overshadowed her intellectual pre-eminence. Hence Philosophical Industrialism still awaits full expression, and the cordial appreciation which is its due. That task is for other hands. The aim of this essay is to serve rather as a brief introduction to the subject, making use, wherever possible, of existing fragments by recognized authorities. In this connection my thanks are due to the Montreal "Star", and "Standard", whose files have been of great value, and to my many friends in the metropolis, from whom I have ventured to quote freely.

Philosophical Industrialism opens a new era in human knowledge. Differing radically from all previous systems

(Continued on Page Two)

The Virtue of Boot-Cleaning

Professor Basil Williams

BOOTS, boots, boots! How they are interwoven with history, and legend too. Who does not remember the fascination of Puss in Boots or of those magic Seven League Boots of romance? Or to come down to historical times, boots to the Greeks were of so much account that the Tragic & Comic Muses were familiarly known by the boots specially affected by their interpreters on the stage. The Romans followed suit; nay more, they have handed down to history one of their twelve Caesars, one thought worthy of semi-divine honours by his contemporaries, under the name of Caligula, as a record of the boots he was accustomed to wear. What, again, is the buskin, in which our "buskin'd bards" took pride, but a boot? And what more noble tribute to the boot could our ancestors have contrived than to recall by them the glorious victories of ourselves and our allies and the names of the great commanders who inspired these victories? What for example, would Jos Sedley have been without his Hessians to continue his well-fitting buck-

boots, you must clean them yourself or get somebody else to clean them for you.

Here in Canada we generally clean our own boots;—and a very good thing too; though I must admit I did not always think so. I remember when I was first coming out to Canada an American friend solemnly warned me:—"One thing you will have to make up your mind to; and that is that, unless you go to a shoe-shine parlour every day, you will always have to clean your own boots; everybody does it on our side;" and he emphasized his meaning by relating to me the gruesome tale of a travelling English professor, who neither knew that he ought to clean his boots, nor did so; but religiously put them outside his door every night, and took them in again next morning—fouler and fouler every day.

Now I had cleaned boots before, to say nothing of stirrup leathers, saddles, bits and stirrup-irons; and I knew that the job took time and energy. But that had been while campaigning, and chiefly in camp, when there was little else to do save disseminate camp rumours of one's own and digest those disseminated by others. Now, I confess, I looked down the long vista of daily boot-cleanings, while engaged on the stubborn task of making clear to others my own limited views on history, as a formidable prospect.

Three years of boot-cleaning have now elapsed, and I am bound to say that my opinion of this pursuit has entirely changed. In fact I now regard it as a very necessary part of any historian's equipment.

To derive full enjoyment and profit from the operation, the wise man waits until he has collected several pairs, and can then fling himself into a perfect orgy of boot-cleaning. This orgy has rare qualities.

In the first place it gives a certain amount of exercise; exercise most healthful to the student or professor buried for a large part of the day in his books. For your polishing at least is no child's play, I warrant you, and no self-respecting man will go abroad in boots of his own cleaning without that honest polish.

Secondly a successful bout of it awakens spiritual pride, no mean pleasure; and with justice. It is not so much the pleasure of seeing your own face reflected in a worthily polished boot, though that in itself is not to be treated lightly; it is still more the joy of achieving something which is not in your ordinary line of business. For you will often find that a man takes far more pride in his trivial hobbies—his by-products you might term them,—than in the main occupation of life. Tell a poet that you admired his last round of golf, and he will be prouder than if you have read with delight or even gone to the length of buying a volume of his poems. Admire the sketches that a great banker makes in his snatched moments of leisure, and he will be more grateful to you than if you praised his skilful operation of a great financial stroke Louis XVI, perhaps rightly, esteemed his skill in carpentry at a higher value than his state craft, while Diocletian and Charles V, rulers of half the world,

(Continue on Page four)

skins? And perhaps even the two heroes of Waterloo owe something of their fame to the fact that long afterwards every self-respecting man had a pair of Bluchers and a pair of Wellingtons in his boot-cupboard. Even today where would Charlie Chaplin be without his boots?

No, it cannot be denied that there is a something about boots which lifts them up from the rest of a man's wardrobe, from his hats, his small-clothes or even a laced and ruffled coat.

And can we be proud of our boots unless they are cleaned? There, therefore, can be nothing degrading about the operation; and if we must fortify ourselves by authority from literature, we may remember that Mr. Pickwick would never have discovered the treasure he found in Sam Weller, had he not come upon him at the White Hart Inn in Southwark, busy cleaning "eleven pairs of boots; and one shoe as b'longs to number six, with the wooden leg." In fact, if you have

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Canadian Book Week

ALL who are interested in books and in the literature of our own country are aware that the fourth annual Canadian Authors' Book Week is now running his course. Canadian authors meeting in solemn conclave have again decided that it will be to the interest of Canadian literature—and incidentally of themselves—to inaugurate another pre-Christmas drive to boost the home product. The co-operation of the book-sellers has been secured, and advertisements are urging us to support home literature by "giving Canadian books this Xmas." In the book department on the mezzanine floor of one of our large department stores would-be-popular authors are haranguing the curious mob on the merits of the literature turned out by their fellow members of the Canadian Authors' Association. The newspapers have rallied nobly to the cause, the libraries are with us, and it looks as if a "boost-Canadian-literature" campaign under efficient business organization would once more go over the top with considerable pep.

Now in spite of the sympathy we may feel for the aims of the Canadian Authors' Association, and however much we may wish to encourage the hope of a Dominion wide literary renaissance, we doubt whether the systematic commercial boosting of Canadian books such as is being undertaken this week will be of any real value in stimulating the growth of our country's art or in fostering a great literature. Indeed, it may be quite reasonably contended that such an attempt to artificially force the rare plant of literature will prove positively harmful and degrading.

The public is reproached for not buying Canadian books. But is one to buy a book merely because it is the work of a Canadian, when, as has so far most often been the case, it is not so good as the work of English and American writers? Public neglect of Canadian books is due for the most part to their evident inferiority, and, after all, it is not so much Canadian books that we should like to see the public buy, as good books.

When a Canadian author possessed of imagination and ability appears he does not have to beg for recognition. The early poems of Bliss Carman, Cyrus Macmillan's *Wonder Tales*, Stephen Leacock at his best, the poetry and short stories of the late Marjorie Pickthall—these stand in no need of advertised propaganda. Let one work of genius come out of Canada, as "Maria Chapdelaine" did, and it will find readers wherever English or French is spoken.

And lastly, the chief reasons why Canadian authors are not supported here as they are in the United States are reasons that will not be changed by as many as fifty-two Canadian Book Weeks in a year. The first is that we have a population, and hence a reading public, that is insignificant in comparison to that of the States. And the second is that Canadian writers are not yet good enough. Moreover they will never be able to create a literature worthy of this country as long as they keep one eye on the money bags. A little less talking, and a little more sincere writing every week of the year is what we want in place of an annual Book Week.

The Sunday Musicales

AFTER a lapse of scarcely three weeks since the Burke recital the music club announces another interesting musical event. This is a musicale, which will take place on Sunday afternoon, December the fourteenth. This event will be followed by a series of similar ones in the second term; an ambitious programme for so young a Society.

At these musicales, the Club will be at home to its fellow Students, who will all be welcome. They are urged to bring their friends. The first recital will consist of instrumental and vocal solos, of a type that will appeal to every student in the University. The vocal solos will be given by a guest artist, because no members of the Club have professed a talent for singing, but the performer is said to be among the foremost vocalists in the city.

By helping this small body, we will encourage it to expand and take its place among the musical organizations of other Universities.

Note

WE have received several anonymous contributions, and would like to remind contributors that they must put their name and year (not necessarily for publication) on all manuscripts submitted.

Discovery of Montreal

(Continued from Page One)

in having quite outgrown the silly superstition of thinking, it has found the "royal road" not to learning, but to that higher knowledge which learning serves only to obscure. The business man does not need to think, he knows. Untrammelled, moreover, by the curious ancient delusion of consistency, he is free from the boredom of even knowing coherently. To such a philosophy all things are possible, all avenues are open—"all thoughts, all passions, all delights, whatever fills this mortal frame."

The rejection of these pathetic fallacies is more than simple pedantry. It is fundamental. Philosophical Industrialism is intensely practical. It never for a moment loses touch with the facts of everyday life, and herein lies one of the secrets of its success. "What's wrong with the world?" is the great question of our day. The older philosophers are hopelessly at variance where they answer at all. The Philosophical Industrialist, with characteristic energy, decision, and finality, at once says: "Theories. This is the principle of evil, the source of all our troubles, and against it we must wage relentless war." The ideal is a theoriless world, a world made safe for the business man. Unfortunately this is impossible if the vicious

thousand, doubly powerful forms. These are the special enemies of Philosophical Industrialism. For the older ideas, such as "laissez-faire"—it keeps a sentimental kindness, even condescending to use them. Perhaps it would not "break the butterfly upon the wheel." But with the rest there can be no truce. In the words of one of its critics, Montreal "looks upon new ideas as positively immoral."

Under the circumstances, Socialism and kindred manias get very roughly handled. For Socialism is one and indivisible, and Marxian Communism, though gray-headed, has lately undergone a strenuous rejuvenation in Russia. Lenin is the terror of the nursery. "Bolshevik" is a name to conjure with. In the vocabulary of Montreal it leaps the barriers of place and time to become a universal title. It has nearly silenced those who doubt that our social order, in every part, is eternal, perfect, and divinely established.

But the business man has other arrows in his quiver. He glances at the title (he need read no farther) of Ramsay MacDonald's article: "Why Socialism Must Come." "Oh! yes! Because I want it. Everything must be divided up equally. If we did that to-morrow it would all be upset in a week's time." The simplicity and directness, the naked grandeur, of this unanswerable reply! None of your arguing or reasoning; only plain, downright, common sense: This is what has made us what we are!

Surely here if anywhere is proof absolute. But to satisfy the most exacting, the Philosophical Industrialist proceeds to Farmer Dobson's masterly refutation of Socialism. Says that worthy (in Tennyson's "Promise of May"): "And he calls out among our oar men, 'The land belongs to the people.'" Dora: "And what did you say to that?" Dobson: "Well, I says, s'pose my pig's the land, and you says it belongs to the parish, and ther be a thousand i' the parish, taakin' in the women and childer; and s'pose I kills my pig, and gies it among 'em; why there wudn't be a dinner for nawbody, and I should ha' lost the pig." It is a sad commentary on human nature that even after this there are still those who will challenge the sacred dogma of private enterprise.

(To be Continued)

In Dream

I saw a man walking
On a rain swept hill,

I heard a man talking
In a ruined mill—

But where the one was
going,
And what the other said
Are more than I'll be
knowing
When I waken in my bed.

—J. G.

practice of thought is to be tolerated. Where the mind is allowed to work, an "idea" or "theory" of some kind is inevitable; and faced with the havoc wrought by thinkers in all ages, we must ruthlessly forbid a once cherished pastime.

The battle is titanic; for the theorist, like the poor, is always with us, and the theory is hydra-headed. Demolished once, it reappears in a

THE COUNTRY BEDROOM

MY room's a square and candle-lighted boat,
In the surrounding depths of night afloat,
My windows are the portholes, and the seas
The sound of rain on the dark apple trees.
Sea monster-like beneath, an old horse blows
A snort of darkness from his sleeping nose,
Below, among drowned daisies, far off, hark!
Far off one owl amidst the waves of dark.

—Frances Cornford

MADRIGAL

MY Love in her attire doth show
her wit,
It doth so well become her;
For every season she hath dressings
fit,
For Winter, Spring and Summer,
No beauty she doth miss
When all her robes are on;
But Beauty's self she is
When all her robes are gone.

—Davison's Poetical Rhapsody
1602.

I AM IN LOVE WITH HIGH FAR-SEEING PLACES

I am in love with high far-seeing
places
That look on plains half-sunlight and
half-storm,
In love with hours when from the
circling faces
Veils pass, and laughing fellowship
glows warm.
You who look on me with grave eyes
where rapture
And April love of living burn con-
fessed—
The Gods are good! the world lies
free to capture!
Life has no walls. Oh, take me to
your breast!
Take me—be with me for a moment's
span!

I am in love with all unveiled faces.
I seek the wonder at the heart of
man;
I would go up to the far-seeing
places.
While youth is ours, turn toward me
for a space
The marvel of your rapture-lighted
face.

—Arthur Davidson Pickie

Genius of Gemier Seen at His Majesty's in Moliere Comedy

MURMIN GEMIER and the company from the famous Theatre National de l'Odeon of France opened their Montreal engagement Monday night with an excellent performance of Moliere's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme." The choice was a fortunate one. The play does not call for the kind of emotional acting for which these great artists are justly famous, but it does demand a fine sense of humour and a rollicking good nature, of which they had an abundance. The audience may not have gone home greatly moved or impressed, but it went home very happy, which is just (or almost) as important.

"Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" is an old favourite with most Frenchmen, as well as with most non-Frenchmen who have passed the stage of Freshman French at any well-regulated university. The audience received all the ancient witticisms with the joy of recognition, and hailed the successive scenes as old friends and former boon companions. Monsieur Jourdain's epoch-making discovery justly famous in all corners of the earth, that he had been talking prose for forty years without knowing it, could not have been more hilariously received if it had been heard for the first time.

But there was much more than Moliere in Monday night's production. There was the genius of Gemier, which not only brought out all there was meant to be in the play, but added and interpreted and rearranged so that the result might be as delightful as possible. There was the fine understanding of all the members of the cast of the rich comedy material which they were handling. There was an evident joy in making the most out of every scene and situation, in throwing seriousness and sobriety to the winds for at least one evening, and in joining with the audience in its hearty enjoyment of the old masterpiece.

The play itself is too well-known to require much comment. Like all of Moliere's comedies, it was not written merely for the fun of the thing, but to point a moral. Moliere evidently believed in the function of laughter as a social corrective, as at once a criticism and a condemnation of certain foibles and weaknesses to which human flesh is heir.

He was always laughing at the world, at its misers, its misanthropes, its social climbers; rarely with them. There is a seriousness underlying his every joke. But the joy of it is that even if we fail to spot the seriousness (as many of us will), and neglect the moral (as all of us do), we can still get so much real pleasure out of what he has to offer us.

In this play, Moliere has picked for his target the social climber, the nouveau-riche merchant who apes the manners and customs of the "gens de qualite" and who looks forward to an alliance with a noble family. Incidentally there are gibes at the expense of the professors of the gentler arts of dancing, music and philosophy and the not so gentle art of bearing arms. There is a ridicule of the airs and graces of the pseudo-nobility, of the current conception of gentlemanliness and honour.

Gemier plays the title-role, naturally, and proves himself a comedian of exceptional skill and cleverness. If his reputation in more serious parts is deserved, his versatility must be remarkable. He gives a striking interpretation of Jourdain, with a full appreciation of all the comedy values which have made the character famous for many generations. He gets

a double share of the honours, as he is also responsible for the direction of the performance, which runs smoothly and effectively from beginning to end.

The rest of the company gives him admirable support. M. Alfred Pasquali is brilliant as the Maitre de Philosophie who discourses on prose and verse, and teaches his interested pupil the hidden secrets of vowel pronunciation. M. Donnio as Covielle, and Mme. Lucienne Parizet as Nicole deserve special praise. Mme. Charlotte-Clasis as Jourdain's very critical wife seems rather to take her part too seriously, without sufficient regard for its significance as comedy. There is some fine singing and some fair dancing during the performance, while the Turkish ceremony, in which Jourdain receives the specious title of Mamamouchi, is a riot of fun.

"Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" will be repeated this afternoon and Saturday evening. "Le Procureur Hallers," a sort of Jekyll and Hyde play, will be given to-night and Saturday matinee. Thursday night, there will be a French version of "The Taming of the Shrew," with Gemier as Petruchio. Friday night, "Le Marchand de Venise" with Gemier as Shylock. Any one of these performances is sure to be well worth seeing.

—O. K.

Pavlova Still Incomparable

I refuse to believe that Pavlova has made her farewell tour, all the press agents to the contrary notwithstanding. In the first place, we all know what farewell tours are, and how many of them great artists are prone to make before they are really to be taken seriously. And in the second place, Pavlova is so unmistakably at the height of her career, with so clear a title to all the laurels that an admiring world can offer her, that it would be difficult, if not impossible, for her really to say good-bye at this moment. If the impossible has happened, and we have indeed seen the last of her, we can at least thank our very lucky stars that we did not miss her last triumph.

The "Don Quixote" ballet, with which the Montreal engagement opened on Thursday night, is a delight. The dancing is of unfailing beauty and interest, the pantomimic interpretations are skilful and clear, and the musical score (by Minkus) forms a perfect setting.

The ballet is in a prologue and two acts. It opens in a room in Don Quixote's house, where the impractical, dreaming knight (M. Domoslawski) and his faithful Sancho Panza (M. Markowski) buckle on their armour and set out in quest of strange and stirring adventures. Don Quixote does his first noble deed in the public market place in Barcelona, uniting two lovers who are separated by the iron will of an angry father. Incidentally, this act is productive of some delicious fooling with Sancho Panza as its centre, and of some beautiful dancing by Pavlova and by Hilda Butsova, who deserves a fair share of the honours.

The climax comes in the second act, in which the adventurers reach the enchanted Forest. Here a lovely Cupid (Butsova) leads her fairy followers in a dance that cannot be much less beautiful than Fairyland itself. Here Don Quixote crosses swords with the brave Knight of the Silver Shield (Laurent Novikoff) by whom he is bested. And here the fair Dul-

The Realm of Music

Huberman

THERE were many people who did not attend Huberman's recital last Sunday solely because they had never heard of him before and assumed that he was therefore only a second rate violinist. On the contrary Mr. Huberman is a great artist. He is acclaimed as such in Europe and in the States. It speaks little for the musical education of the Montreal public that they know so little about Who's who in the international world of music.

A scant audience and many late comers tended to upset Mr. Huberman in his first number, the Cesar Franck Sonata. Yet though lacking in feeling the artist gave a startling rendition of this difficult composition.

Mr. Huberman's fame for his playing of Bach had reached our ears and we were not disappointed in the remarkable interpretation which he gave of the Bach Prelude and Fugue in G minor. It was simply and exquisitely played and roused the audience to the greatest enthusiasm. As an encore he played a Bach Gavotte.

The Tchaikowsky Concerto was magnificent. Huberman made Heavenly music out of it. One could not say which movement was the more delightful. All were perfect.

The last group began with two waltzes of Chopin arranged by Mr. Huberman himself for violin and piano. The first, op. 64 No. 2, was scintillating spark-like music, remarkably played. The second, op. 70 No. 1, was equally well done.

Two dashing Spanish dances by Sarasate followed. Huberman put his whole heart into the playing of the Romanza andaluz, the first, and gave a brilliant interpretation of the Jota navarra, the second. As encores he played Rondo des lutins and Schubert's "Ave Maria."

Mr. Schultze, the accompanist deserves especial credit for his more than commendable performance. Not once did he detract from Mr. Huberman's playing, as it is so easy to do in the style of programme which the artist had chosen.

It is unfortunate that Montrealers seem to be unable to attend concerts on time. Mr. Huberman's recital was nearly ruined by late arrivals. He took the right stand, however, when he announced that if there was any more ushering while he was playing he would refuse to continue.

If the local managers are afraid to discipline the public it is time the artists themselves insisted on the proper arrangement being made to usher the tardy into their seats.

—W. S.

cinea (Pavlova), the beautiful lady of whom he has dreamed, ties her scarf around him and makes him her Knight.

The Divertissements with which the Pavlova productions invariably end were of the usual high order. There was on Thursday night a bizarre Chinese dance of Tchaikowski's by Miss Rogers and M. Winter, a dainty interpretation of the Paderewski minuet by Butsova and M. Vajinski, a delightful Strauss Pastorale by Miss Stuart and Oliveroff, a lively Glinka Mazurka, a repetition of the favourite Dance of the Hours, and, far from least, the Swan Dance, for which Heaven be praised. That alone (I have seen it eight times) is always worth going miles to see. No Swan could have lived or died more gracefully.

No! I refuse to believe that Pavlova has made her farewell tour.

—O.K.

Princess Show Not up to Par

I SUPPOSE that the series of three or four excellent shows at the Princess that came to an end about three weeks ago is responsible for the very marked drop below the average in the shows of the last two weeks. Certainly the current bill at the vaudeville house is not up to the mark. The only completely pleasing act was that in which Herman Timberg entertained with his droll foolery, clever steps and original type of humour. He was ably assisted by Sammy Timberg who entered well into the spirit of the comedy, and did some potent work on the piano. One of the headline acts is "Mr. Richard Kean, the Distinguished Legitimate Actor in Characters from Famous Plays." Mr. Kean is a typical example of the broken down ham actor donning a black coat and assuming a mournful and supposedly tragic air while he mumbles lines from Shakespeare or from some crude melodrama with equal lack of good taste. Shakespeare turns in his grave twice daily, this week when Mr. Kean stoops down at the back of the stage to don a red robe and a crucifix, which transform him from "an old bachelor" to "Cardinal Wolsey." "Farewell," he mumbles hoarsely, "a long farewell to all ME greatness." His characterisation of an old miser consists principally in picking fleas off himself, which is better than mispronouncing the classics, and at least is mildly amusing to lovers of low comedy. Just as one had decided that Cecil Mason, of Mason and Shaw, is the most obnoxious male in existence, he takes off his hat, lets his hair down, and shows you he is a girl. After that the act livens up a bit, the most amusing touch being jazzy Miss Shaw's singing of a pathetic come-to-Mother-my wandering-boy type of song. Charles and Madeline Dunbar, in "Animal Scandals" offer an animal imitation act that has some good moments, though I saw the thing done better at Loew's not so very long ago. "The Rebellion," called a satire on the present craze for syncope, is very good while the jazz band featured in the act is playing, but the orchestra is too often interrupted by an absurd old man with long hair and a deep voice called Public Opinion—though I suspect it was only Mr. Kean in another of his character sketches. This old fellow wanted to shoot the members of the orchestra and two lightly clad girls who were dancing for them. Of course, probably a great number of people would have considered this a good thing, but here I must differ. The other acts are adequate, but the show lacked the one or two really good performances that we have the right to expect from every vaudeville bill.

—A. J. M. S.

A DEVOUT LOVER

I HAVE a mistress, for perfections rare
In every eye, but in my thoughts most fair.
Like tapers on the altar shine her eyes;
Her breath is the perfume of sacrifice;
And whereso'er my fancy would begin,
Still her perfection lets religion in.
We sit and talk, and kiss away the hours
As chastely as the morning dews kiss flowers:
I touch her, like my beads, with devout care,
And come unto my courtship as my prayer.

—Thomas Randolph

Impressions After Summer

It is late afternoon, with a declining sun casting long shadows on the grass. For eight hours we have tramped the roads and the trails and at the end of this, our twenty-fifth mile, we are tired, completely tired. Blankets and packs are thrown off our shoulders and they tumble to earth as if they too want a rest. The fire is lighted; the odour of sizzling things pervades the air; and the spring water, once cool but now entrapped within a kettle, begins to boil as if in eternal torment.

Shadows lengthen. Wherever we look there are valleys, rolling slopes, and jutting peaks. On the top of the world everything is bathed in light but the glorious intermingling colours of a mountain sunset soon pass away and the world is covered by the blackness which was first of the valleys only but is now of all things. The pale evening star has become as a lone candle in a dark room; but as we, putting our watches and coins into discarded boots, roll between blankets, a thousand more candles are being lighted by Nature's hand.

Silence. The cold air sweeps down from the north. Leaves sing a soft song. And night has come.

It is night once again. But now the moon, the greatest lamp of the sky, hangs overhead, supreme in its glory and grandeur as when Cyrano de Bergerac went forth into the night sword in hand and courage in heart. We pass through valleys which are dark in the shadows of towering mountains. We climb to the tops of hills covered with that indescribably soft glow of moonlight. We see around us a country of silver, blotched with patches of the grimmest darkness. We gaze at

"Silver fruit upon silver trees," while
"A harvest mouse goes scampering by
With silver claws and silver eye;
And motionless fish in the waters gleam,

By silver reeds in a silver stream."
Down in the lowlands we spy unmapped and uncharted lakes—fairy lakes of rolling mists, with their surface shimmering with light. Waves roll silently upon their ever changing shores and no boats sail to and fro, save elfin craft with elfin crews. And descending we pass beneath the surfaces of these lakes like Endymion did, or like the mermen of whom we read in our nursery days.

Then at last we hear the splashing of real waters upon the rocks of a mountain lac and we know the day's march is at an end. A pin-point fire is lighted on the beach; blankets are spread; glistening bodies cut through clear waters, in which are reflected a thousand fires of heaven; and soon afterwards, despite the many convolutions of the earth's surface, sleep comes to us, lying in the sand under a canopy of black, and gold, and silver.

A soft glow first appears in the east. Then the mountain tops are capped with a burning red, which grows ever fiercer as the approaching day pushes back the coverings of night. Far overhead the cry of a hunting hawk breaks the stillness of morning. A flock of duck whir through the atmosphere, heading for the marshes. Three loons, laughing like fools, play on and under the surface of the lake, till finally, like powerful sea-planes, they speed over the top of the waters and away, calling their wild cries. Hidden fish, in search of breakfast, make myopic rings on the lake, while a light south wind drives playful wavelettes to-

The Virtue of Boot-Cleaning

(continued from page one)

willingly laid down the burdens of empire to plant cabbages and make clocks. So it will be with the boot-cleaning of a man whose main walk in life is not in a shoe-shine parlour.

But I hold that its chief merit, especially to the man immersed in books, is that it gives him an appreciable time for quiet reflection. While you are boot-cleaning you do not have to think much of what you are doing. After some practice (in the art, it becomes almost instinctive. Brushing off, laying on the "Nugget" or the "Wren"; and then the mad exhilaration of the final polish; you could almost do it in your sleep. And so you naturally tend to that roving mood of reflectiveness, which is so rare in our hurried lives, so pleasurable and so revivifying. It is a time when your mind is not at a strain, and so rambles along the fields of memory, not resting too long on one spot, but picking out here and there delights in your past life, delight in noble books or loved pictures; and making them for the moment live once again. Or you may plan schemes for the future; not hard and clear-cut schemes, but half-dreams which you may afterwards meet weaving themselves into your daily life and helping to make it less the slave of routine to make it sweeter. Or you may think suddenly of some fruitful idea, something that will give vigour and spirit to your writing or your lecturing or whatever your ordinary business may be, some errant fancy, perhaps, which will help to glorify your work, and which you would not catch in more studied moments. It is well for the mind, no less than for the individual, to be left sometimes to ramble, lazily if you will, but at least in an unorganized and undisciplined way. And I am prepared to maintain against all-comers that for that kind of rambling nothing gives a better scope than your necessary boot-cleaning.

Canada, to my thinking, is fortunate in still providing such oases in the daily strenuous life oases for reflection, of which I merely single out the subject of this paper as one of many such halting grounds for the mind. A country which is still young and simple enough in its ways to require its men and women to be brought directly into contact with some of the labours on which civilized life depends, instead of having them all borne vicariously by special classes—that country is, in that respect, fortunate. The subject I have chosen is a trifling one, may be. You must of course go to the country parts of Canada to find the most satisfying examples of what I mean, examples of the men who have leanings to the reflective life and yet find it necessary to do a certain amount of humdrum manual work. Louis Hemon was able to write the greatest book yet produced on the habitants because, for the time, he made himself one of them, and worked at his Maria Chapdelaine in the intervals of driving cows off the garden and such like tasks. But generally the time needed for the manual work is still disproportionate in extent to the time devoted wholly to reflection and spiritual creation. But that will not always be so. The

wards the land.

And on the beach the hum of mosquitoes, and the biting of black flies keep six campers awake. All nature is alive, as the sun, from the cup of the mountain tops, pours its light on to the world.

—LAWRENCE WRIGHT.

Of Universities

(Continued from Page One)

Degrees were intimately connected with the relation of Universities to the Church, about which I shall have more to say when discussing everyday life in Universities. Originally the prestige of certain "Studia" had caused the universal acceptance of teachers armed with their degrees or licenses. When the Popes had definitely incorporated Universities as a part of the ecclesiastical system, they also regulated which Studia should be considered as Universities, and gave them the right to call themselves "Studia Generalia" their degrees conferring the "jus ubique docendi," the right of teaching everywhere. In Mediaeval Europe, which was, among the higher orders, one unity this right was quite valid and any "studium generale" was compelled to accept the degree of another. When Europe gradually split up with the rise of nationalism, and the universities gradually lost their connection with the Papacy and instead came under princely authority, the right likewise became restricted to the national realm. But the fact remains that certain old and famous universities to this day retain their prestige and their degrees still confer an unofficial "jus ubique docendi". The shadow of cosmopolitanism still clings to Universities.

It was customary, as still in some Universities, for senior Students to assist their Masters and perhaps give after-hours discussions on certain controversial topics. This very natural practice is the origin of the Bachelor's degree. When it first became stereotyped it was known as "determination," being the "putting an end to absolute novitancy." At Oxford it tended to be put later and later in the Academic career until at last it became the final degree, and the M. A. became an expensive honorary function, a condition, which survives at Oxford and Cambridge today. In other places as a rule the reverse was the case and it tended to become the equivalent of Matriculation.

A Mediaeval Degree had no more face value than its modern counterpart. "Pass-men" today are a contemptible product of our Universities and in the Middle Ages there were plenty of "Pass-men." In the first place there were as a rule no written examinations, and much of the enquiry was by the aid of oaths; one may reasonably assume some considerable measure of perjury. But most serious were the "dispensations." The Church itself had set this bad example; since it had made a corner in the individual conscience and had thus acquired, theoretically exclusive knowledge of good and evil, it proceeded to make a good thing out of the investment. Minute specifications of sin were contained

period is approaching when the manual labour for thinkers will not be too exclusive and absorbing to interfere with the best results from their spiritual activities. For I have little doubt that there will some day arise from the country-side of Canada a brain-worker, who has still to do his wood-chopping, his water-drawing, his roof-mending, aye, and his boot-cleaning, and who will find that those very operations will insensibly stimulate him to write the great poem of Canada or paint her great pictures, the man for whom Canada is waiting to crown her great achievements in the practical life.

Yes, indeed, there is much virtue in boot-cleaning.

—Basil Williams

Giacomo Puccini

Puccini is dead and with his passing one of the most unique figures in the realm of music is gone. The death of Giacomo Puccini means much to music lovers everywhere, for not only does his charming "Madame Butterfly" hold a firm place in the opera world but his other serious efforts, "La Tosca" and "La Boheme" have already taken a permanent place among the famous operas of the world. And Puccini is among the few great composers who lived to see his work take root everywhere.

Hissed and hooted as was the first performance of what is probably his most famous opera "Madame Butterfly" the world gradually came to recognize the vigorous musicianly qualities of the man and at his death he stood as one of the foremost composers of opera at the present time. In "Tosca" we see the genius of Puccini at its best perhaps, for it took a man of his powers to render into sweet music the sordid libretto with its tale of crime and murder.

Puccini's one venture with an American theme, Belasco's "Girl of the Golden West" was not quite the success that he had anticipated and after all it is in the Oriental world, in Japan, with its picturesque, colorful life that he found his real inspiration and moulded it into that exquisite gem in which Geraldine Farrar has made one of her most successful roles. I believe that when his other works have been forgotten "Madame Butterfly" will remain as Puccini's great contribution to the operatic stage.

Those who saw in the composer a slowly-maturing musician, who, as Verdi, was with the passage of the years surpassing his own earlier efforts, will indeed mourn his loss, for at the age of 66 death has robbed the world of one of the few men it could not afford to lose.

—L. Edel

ART and Literature are, after all, and there is little use denying it, the last refuge and sanctuary, in a world ruled by machinery and sentiment, of the free, wild, reckless, irresponsible, anarchical imagination of such as refuse to sacrifice their own dreams for the dreams—not less illogical—of the general herd. We have to face the fact—bitter and melancholy though it may be—that in our great bourgeois-dominated democracies the majority of people would like to trample out the flame of genius altogether; trample it out as something inimical to their peace.

—John Cooper Powys

in Canon Law, and equally minute requirements for salvation. But here came the catch. Each sin and each requirement had its price. In earlier days price was in kind, viz. penance, which was usually sufficiently unpleasant, but pecuniary penance came in with Church decadence, and one might be "dispensed" of every conceivable thing for its money value. The Universities copied the idea and requirements of attendance at lectures etc., were often dispensed for a money equivalent.

Today we no longer do that, but we still confer degrees upon men who know 40 percent of their subject, and I feel it would be a little more honest if we were admittedly open to plain bribes instead of reversing the position and offering as a bribe a forty percent pass which merely results in diluting the intrinsic value of degrees, earned by hard work and intelligence.

—Vespasian

(To be concluded)